The Wellesley Prelude.

VOLUME II.—No. 32.

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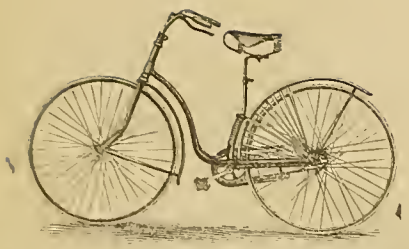

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THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

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All literary communications from the students of the College should be sent to LITERARY EDITOR OF THE PRELUDE, through the PRELUDE box in the general office. Literary communications from outside the College should be directed to the Alumnæ Editor, Miss Charlotte F. Roberts, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

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TO the list of new courses noticed last week several more, which have since been announced, may be added. Two new electives are offered in Chemistry. Course IV., Organic Chemistry, three times a week, is open to those who have completed Course II.; and Course V., Modern Theories of Chemistry, once a week during the first semester, is open to those who have completed Course I. An elective in Hebrew, three hours a week, will be open next year to Juniors and Seniors. The work will include Hebrew Grammar and translation, with practice in sight reading. Prof. Harper's inductive method will be used. In Elocution, Course IV. is a new elective, once a week for the first semester, for the Juniors. It counts as one-third of a course. Its subject is the study of literature through expression. Course II., once a week, will be required work for all Sophomores.

The recent annual meeting of the Students' Aid Society has once more brought before the public the need of money for a worthy cause. The money that is distributed each year, either in gifts or in loans to poor students who are working their way through College, has been conclusively proved to have been well-invested. One-third of all the money that has been loaned to students by the Society, has been repaid,—a significant fact, considering the small salaries which many of them receive. The funds at the disposal of the Society are entirely inadequate to the demands made upon them, and twice as much money could easily be used. This subject of aid for poor students receives much less attention in the case of women's colleges, than is given it in men's. Last year, at Harvard alone, $70,000 was distributed for the aid of those who were working to gain a College course; while in all the women's colleges put together only $56,000 was expended for the same purpose. The need of money for the aid of women, as well as men, who are trying to get through College, seems not yet to have forced itself upon the realization of the public.

A special issue of the BUSINESS WOMAN'S JOURNAL, called the Council Number, contains a resumé of the speeches and proceedings of the National Council of Women, held in Washington in February. Abstracts are given of the various addresses under each head of the wide range of subjects discussed,—charities and philanthropies, women in the churches, women in temperance, education, the political status of women, the organized work and life of women, and many other miscellaneous subjects. Very many interesting and suggestive points are raised and ably treated. Miss Florence Balgarnie, whose address on "Working-girls' Organizations in East London" we had the opportunity to hear last week, gave an address on "What Organization Has Done for English Women," in which she treated the political organization as well

as the working-women's unions, which is the question in which she is most interested. The report of Dr. Webster's address on "Woman's Progress in Higher Education," passing from the struggles of women to obtain even the rudiments of education in the past, takes up the recent rapid progress toward a high standard of education, traced not only in America, but in Germany, England and France, in Switzerland, Sweden and Norway, in Spain and Portugal. The signs of further advance are not wanting. "Report tells us that the new National University in Washington contemplates the admission of women on the same conditions and with the same privileges as men. The University of Glascow follows in the same path. The royal University of Ireland confers the degree of Bachelor of Arts upon eleven women, and that of Doctor of Laws upon several others. The Universities of Montreal and Australia extend a welcome to women students. A petition for admittance to the University of Greece has been signed by Greek women, and Rome bestirs herself in behalf of her girls. Such, to-day, are the facts which are the foundation of our hope of future opportunity. What to-day are our ideals, are to be the basis of future attainments. One of the greatest needs of the future in America is a higher standard of scholarship, a standard of scholarship which shall lead to the seeking of knowledge for its own sake, for the sake of that vision of truth which alone can guide aright. We need, as a people, not more ambition, but ambition more wisely directed, not a greater amount of work, but a better quality of it; not culture pursued as an end, but as a means."

The following announcement of the Chautauqua Summer Schools has been sent to the PRELUDE by the Registrar. "The full announcement of the courses in the Chautauqua College of Liberal Arts for this summer has just been issued. In it are outlined courses in English Language and Literature, German, French, preparatory and college Latin, preparatory and college Greek, Physics, Chemistry, Mathematics, History, Political Economy, Geology, etc. These courses are conducted by professors of high standing in some of the best colleges in the country. Yale, Johns Hopkins, Princeton, Amherst, University of Michigan and other institutions more or less well known are represented in the faculty. The session lasts six weeks. Each course is for five or ten hours each week, some classes meeting once a day and others twice. Besides the college proper there are several Schools of Sacred Literature. Students are expected to take not more than one or two courses, the concentrated effort being calculated to enable them to accomplish as much in the six weeks as is genarally accomplished in one subject in a term in college. The advantages offered are particularly valuable to college students who wish to study in advance of their class, in order to have more time for other duties during term time, or to work off conditions. Ample opportunities are given for recreation and athletic sports. Mr. A. A. Stagg, formerly captain and pitcher on the Yale University nine, will be in attendance and superintend this department."

A BUSINESS REGISTRY AGAIN.

To those of us who do not hope to add to the crowded ranks of teachers the coming year, and who neither by desire or adaptation look forward to teaching as a profession, the question shall not Wellesley have a business or employment registry, is one of the most important questions the PRELUDE has asked.

If Wellesley were to have an employment registry, those who desire positions in other fields than teaching, would be aided in obtaining them and would not be forced to teach as the only alternative.

If only those taught who choose teaching as a profession, and not simply as a temporary means of support, then there would be more enthusiastic teachers, and better contented minds altogether because engaged in what they are readiest and happiest in doing. Not this alone, they would then be placing their influence in a field that almost more than any other calls for well poised and educated women.

E. I.

DR. Seelye, recently president of Amherst, declares that at the present rate of progress the women of the country will at the end of the present century be better educated than the men.—*Ex.*

THE ANGEL WITH THE BROKEN WING.

CHAPTER I.

The Sculptor.

There was once a sculptor, who lived in a great city. The pulse of life throbbed very fast and hard through the city's heart, but the sculptor did not feel its painful beating, for he lived, shut away from the world, in a beautiful palace. The walls of the palace were builded of thick blocks of marble, so thick that the roar of the city streets came to his ear like the far-away murmur of waters; and the windows of the palace opened high in the walls, so that looking out one could see only the infinite depths of the blue sky, and catch never a glimpse of the wan, sad-eyed men and women, and pale-faced little children, who hurried by in the street outside.

Day by day, in the beautiful, silent palace, the sculptor worked, day by day under his magic touch, from the solid blocks of marble, were born wonderful visions of angels and men. One day he paused in his work, laid his tools aside, and opened the doors of the palace, that the world might enter, and behold his wonderful creations. And the world of restless, sad-eyed men and women poured in at the open door.

The sculptor stood apart, and watched them, and he saw that they were sad and unsatisfied, but he smiled and said: "Once let them see my vision of the Beautiful, and their eyes will lose their restless light, their lips so pale and drawn, will smile. Their hearts will be glad, for they will know that life is great and wonderful and rich." He stood apart and watched them, and they gazed and marvelled, but passed out into the world again with a troubled, unsatisfied look upon their faces.

Then the doors of the palace were closed once more, and the sculptor worked more eagerly than before, for he said: "I have not uttered my message clearly enough, I have not revealed my wonderful vision perfectly enough. The knowledge of perfect beauty alone can satisfy the world's heart." And day by day he learned to clothe his vision in a more perfect form, in a more radiant beauty.

CHAPTER II.

The Dream.

One night, after a day spent in eager, earnest effort to bind to earth, and chain in the cold marble, his winged ideal of the Beautiful, as he slept, the sculptor dreamed a strange dream. He seemed to stand on a lofty ledge of rock, so high that below him, around him, above him, could be seen nothing but far reaches of blue air. He was alone in the heart of space. Suddenly at his side on the ledge of rock, an angel stood, an angel more beautiful than any poet's fancy had conceived, or his own chisel fashioned from the white marble. Her wings were spread as if ready for flight, and, even as he gazed, she sprang upward from the rock, and soared on and on, through the pulsing blue air. In his dream the sculptor's gaze followed the flight of the angel, and infinitely far above, through the flood of ether, he saw a gleam of golden light. Faintly it shone, at first, but gradually the light grew brighter and brighter, until, at last, he could discern clearly the outline of a gate of gold. The angel's eyes were fastened upon the gate, her arms were stretched out toward it, yearningly, and still she sped upward, but it was far away. Suddenly she paused in her flight, for one moment hung suspended in the still air, then slowly began to sink downward. And the sculptor, looking, saw that one of the beautiful white wings drooped, wearied and useless.

Yet the angel's eyes were still turned toward the gate, her arms were still stretched upward eagerly, and she seemed all unconscious that every moment she was swiftly and surely sinking further and further from the light. At last she sank past the ledge of rock, and the sculptor saw her upturned face. It was beautiful and calm, the eyes were glad and full of hope, and her arms were still stretching upward. Lower she sank, and lower, until, at last, the blue air seemed to tremble, to pale into a white vail of mist, that wrapped itself gently around the angel with the broken wing, and the sculptor saw her no more. Then he awoke, and tears were on his cheek, and his heart was sad, though he knew not why. But soon he slept and dreamed once more. Again he stood alone on the lofty rock, in the heart of space. Again an

angel stood beside him. This time her form was vague and indistinct, so the sculptor could not tell whether she were beautiful or not, but he saw that she held a little child in her arms, that her head was bended low over the babe, and her whole attitude expressed infinite tenderness and nfinite love. She, too, soared upward through the air toward the distant golden gate, but her eyes were never lifted from the little one's face, though the sculptor saw that the eyes of the child were raised ever to the far away light, and one tiny arm was uplifted, and the clinging baby fingers touched the edge of the angel's wing. And the dreamer thought in his sleep, "Surely if the strong, beautiful angel, who bore no burden in her arms, failed to reach the gate, even so must this one fail." Onward the angel sped, onward, until the golden light seemed to stream forth to meet her, seemed to draw her into itself, and the sculptor saw her no more.

Then he woke, and smiled strangely through the darkness, but knew not the meaning of his dreams.

CHAPTER III.

The Dreams come True.

After many days of ceaseless labor, the sculptor, gazing at the figures of marvelous beauty around him, knew that his chisel had wrought its best, knew that if the beauty, which could satisfy, was not in his work, it was not his to give the world.

Again he opened the palace doors, and stood apart, confident and glad, to see the shadow lift from the faces of men. And the men and women, still tortured with a deep unrest, with eyes still wistful and full of pain, entered the palace doors, gazed and marvelled more than before, but again passed out into the world unsatisfied. But among the masses of men came one unlike the rest, for his face was calm, and his eyes were deep and peaceful and glad. His garments were worn and threadbare, and he carried in his arms an image carved from wood with rude instruments. The sculptor saw the poor image, and he knew that, rude and rough as it was, a something, wanting in his most perfect work, breathed from its every carved line.

Then the sculptor no longer stood apart, but drew near to the man, looked deep into his clear eyes, held his thin hand close, and called him friend. And the man passed out from the palace doors with the rest of men, whose faces were sad, and full of yearning still.

The days passed on, and the sculptor sat sadly among his beautiful images, nor ever took the chisel in his hand, for he said in his heart that his art had failed. Slowly and sadly the days passed until at last one dawned unlike the rest, for it brought a messenger from the deep-eyed man, to tell the sculptor that his friend needed him, and had sent for him. Then the sculptor rose and followed the messenger out through the palace gates into the great city. Then first he felt the throb of life, and his heart trembled. He heard the piteous wail of children crying for bread; he heard strong men, in their despair, bitterly curse God and man; he heard the mocking, soulless laughter of wine-maddened women, as they staggered through the streets. The air seemed full of moaning, cursing and more hideous laughter. His brain reeled, he cried aloud in his agony, and staggered blindly after his guide. At last he found himself in a bare, comfortable room, where many carved figures, rude, but possessing a wonderful strange power were grouped round the wall. In the corner on a pallet lay his friend, and as the sculptor bent over him, the weak arms lifted up a little fair-haired child, and the babe smiled, and stretched his hands toward the stranger. The sculptor felt his heart thrill, tenderly he took the little one in his arms, and the father sank back, his eyes, deeper and clearer than ever before, closing forever.

* * * * * * *

In the beautiful palace the little child dwelt with the artist. Again, with a heart yearning over the world outside the marble doors, the sculptor wrought his visions in the cold stone, why he knew not; he only knew that his heart prompted him to work. While he carved, the child played beside him, prattled strange, dream-born stories to him, caressed him with soft, clinging, baby fingers, or looked up at him loving, from eyes clear and deep.

At last the palace doors were opened once more to stand open forever. The sculptor stood by with

the child in his arms, wishing, sadly, that his art might have helped the world, trusting that the babe's innocent life might soften that world's bitter heart. Again the restless men entered the lofty doors, again they gazed at the wonderous marble visions, and as they gazed their faces became glad, their eyes grew calm and clear, and their hearts were satisfied. The sculptor marvelled, and as he pondered, there came to him the remembrance of his dreams, and now he knew their meaning.

Then he took two pure, white blocks of marble, and from one he carved an angel, like the angel of his first dream. Her face was beautiful, and calm, and glad, her arms were reaching upward, but one wide-spread wing was broken. He carved beneath the statute the single word—Beauty.

From the second block of marble he fashioned the angel of his second dream. But since her form was vague and indistinct, and he knew not what her face was like, he carved again the beautiful angel of his first vision, only now she held a little child tenderly in her arms, and bent lovingly over it. The child's arm was stretched upward, and its baby fingers touched the wing that had been broken, and it was healed and strong. Under the statute the sculptor carved the word—Love.

Ada S. Woolfolk, '91.

THE LADY ON THE CLOCK.

It was a wonder that the brass pendulum never stopped to look at her or that the iron weights did not forget to fall. For she was a very beautiful lady, and she had been painted on the glass door of the clock a great many years—fifty at least. Her low-necked, crimson gown with the puffed sleeves was old-fashioned, and her three big rolls of hair looked strange in these days of more modest coils. But her dazzling complexion, her beautiful neck and gracefully-poised head would have done credit to a modern belle.

Indeed, the children thought that they had never seen any one half so lovely. Cousin Kate had pink cheeks and soft brown hair, but she scowled at times—they had seen her—and there were no ugly lines on the smooth brow of the lady on the clock. Sister Sue had exquisite gowns and a stately head crowned with masses of dark hair, but sister Sue did not have the gracious smile of the lady on the clock.

The two children often stood hand in hand and looked at her. "She almost looks back at us," they would say to each other in wistful tones. But she never did,—quite. They thought her an enchanted princess fastened to the clock-face by some wicked magician, and they hoped for the time when the handsome prince would come to release her. For she must have had lovers, a great many of them; and she must love some one, else why did she look so sad and lonely?

One night there was a great storm. The wind blew furiously and shook the old house from garret to cellar. Then there came a crash! The family rushed down stairs and found the clock fallen flat on the floor. The oaken frame was stout and had stood the shock; the iron weights and machinery were broken, still the clock-mender could put them to rights. But the glass door on which the beautiful lady was painted was shattered to atoms, and no clock-mender could put it together. One of the children wept bitterly, but the other put his arm around her and told her he thought that the prince had come and rescued the lady from the wicked magician. Then they were both comforted.

Theodora Kyle, '91.

THE FERN'S TALE.

DEDICATED TO THE CLASS OF NINETY-ONE, WELLESLEY.

Raising his thoughtful brow to heaven,
He passed his minstrel hand across the strings,
While solemn preludes seemed for wisdom, prayer
To teach aright the meaning of God's humblest things.

There is a lake where all the trees
Fairest of their neighbors stand
And every branch, an out-stretched, hospitable hand
To grasp the way-farer's soul, and trace
With leafy fingers, grateful memories of the place.

There is a lake whose narrow shore
Is like the broidered band
About a deep blue robe, fantastically planned
Of spangled gold and creamy silken spray;
And silver moonbeams in and out the pattern stray.

There is a lake—its woody bank
Rich with the landscape of a hundred homes,

Roofless, or mossy-thatched—a few whose domes
The sky is. Hollowed log or crannied rock
O'er shadow most against the storm-winds shock.

Here dwell the fern-folk, by this narrow shore,
Whispering strange, legendary tales—a simple store,
Yet may one hear no sweeter woodland lore.
So, on a night, I watched the moon rise
Listening to this legendary lore.

THE TALL FERN-MOTHER'S LULLABY.

Hush ye, my darlings,
The night-wind has kissed ye,
Tenderly teaching your eyelids to droop
Hush ye, my darlings, to mother's song list ye,
While loving watch-angels o'er my little ones stoop.

'Twas this lullaby that roused me,
Sweetly voiced, from door-way floating,
From a house enfolded deep in cleft of rock,
To a spirit sympathetic
Eager, thoughtful, ever seeking.
Not unknown is deeper wood-craft,

Understood the song-birds' love song,
Understood the sighing breezes
Warning leaves to cling more tightly,
Lest the hoarse-voiced whirlwind snatch them,
Whirl them in a dance barbaric,
Shouting loudly in derision.
Cast them, then, on earth to perish.
Every voice in sunrise gloria,
Every tongue in moon's magnificat,
Every harmony of evening swelling into benediction,
Whether chirped by bird awakening,
Hummed by drowsy, low-voiced insect,
Or by prowling beast, moaned dismally.
Like the whirring of an arrow
After it has left the bow-string,
Or like silken drapery rustling—
Half in pride, half reminiscent
Of the ancient Chinese temple
Where it curtained dark recesses,
Learning quaint prayers to Confucius—
Thus the cadence, gently murmured
By the tall fern-mother sounded.

Hush ye, my darlings,
The All-Father blesses
The sleep of my children throughout the dark night.
And drowsily swaying,
The Tupelo presses
Back mischievous beams of wandering light.

Hush ye, my children,
To mother's song list ye.

When the early snows were melting
In the reign of Queen Titania,
First the crocuses looked skyward—
Crocuses and snow-drops springing
From their lazy, mellow earth-couch.
Violets and dog-wood followed,
These four leading the procession.
Each his psalm of life was hymning
In that throng innumerable;
If but mortal could have heard it,
Could have seen it, could have smelled it.
Nature breathes her prayer in perfumes;
In harmonious colors blended
Harmony of soul witnesses
With the spirit of her Father
The Omnipotent Creator.
Purity and keen alertness
Can alone grasp all her utterance.
In that throng innumerable
One voice choked, though bravely trying
One heart throbbed with hidden sadness.
Others' blossoms, gladly radiant,
Taught Forget-me-not her bareness.
Neither bud nor blossom had she
Naught but unattractive leaflets,
While the fern, her tall companion
Carried dainty frond of blue flower
Delicate beyond all blue flowers.
Poor Forget-me-not, and noble
Hiding selfish grief, not selfish,
And the burden of her sorrow
Too great for that tiny bosom,
Scattered tears and half-checked sighing.
Now the tall fern, sympathetic,
Noticed; asked and heard her story,
Stooped and dried the dewy tear-drops
With the fanning of her fingers;
Caught with these the cooling breezes,
And bathed th' hot and throbbing temples
Of Forget-me-not; and soothed her.
Then she prayed. The wind ceased speaking
To the leaves. The birds ceased their song.
If from noon-day of midsummer
Humming insect should be driven—
If from eventide in woodland
Where the still swamp's waters soften
Sunset silence, could be taken
Tree-toad's whistle, whip-poor-will's plaint,
And the buzz of blundering beetle,
We should know what listening stillness
Greeted the heroic petition,
Heard the gentle supplication,
Uttered reverently—yet earnest—
Earnest supplication of one
Deeply seeking swift fulfilment.

"God, Creator, who ordainest
Perfectly, with perfect wisdom,
Speakest into life and order,
Cosmos from the infinite heavens,
Where an awful void, more awful
Was through circumanabient darkness,
Praise be thine—Eternal glory.
Father of all love and mercies,
Tenderness glows round thy God-head,
Illuminates the miserable shadow
Cast by human sin and suffering,
Glorifies with hope-flushed radiance
Many a cloud-born, dim life's sunset.
Thee, appreciative of sorrow
Confident humility may
Seek with gladness. Father, hear me!
Hear my prayer, and of Thy goodness
Grant it Father, grant my prayer!
I would give my cherished blue-flower
To my sister here beside me.
Full, abundant blessing have I,
She hath little to rejoice her.
Grant, Oh Father! grant my prayer."
Scarce her bended head was lifted
Ere an air of sweet contentment
Such as hovers o'er the purple
Of the Spring-time violets' gathering,
Heaven-born, the place pervaded;
And Forget-me-not stood happy—
Beaming eyes, the joy-tears' fountains,
Heart-strings, swept by grateful gladness,
Yielding measures all harmonious.
Fair maternity her portion,
Clasped in arms a tiny nursling
Clasped in arms a tiny blue-flower
Which was *hers*, *her own*, *her treasure*.

There is a lake whose darkness seems
The gathered-up reflection of the day; [play
Across its waters, rippling light and rippling shadows
As tho' the deeper, nobler themes
Of nature, are commingled with man's nobler dreams.
There sitting, the significance
I pondered, of the story, till a glance [tiny light,
Showed, falling from a great, o'ershadowing hall, a
That guided me to understanding through the night.

He ceased; but now methought
The faint re-echoings of his still quivering strings
A fairer legend to the memory brought [me-not."
The legend of the naming of the flowers, and of "Forget-

H. C. W., Yale.

REFERENCE BOOKS FOR YOUR LIBRARY.

In response to repeated requests on the part of subscribers, the editors of the PRELUDE publish in this issue, lists of the best reference books, with which the student may provide herself during her college course, or in after years, to form the nucleus of an excellent little private library for use in teaching or in future study in other connections. These lists have kindly been furnished by the professors of the various departments, and will be continued in the PRELUDE the remainder of the College year. Subscribers will find these lists of valuable assistance in selection of the few reference books with which the average student must content herself.

WORKS OF REFERENCE.

I.

CHEMISTRY AND MINERALOGY.

A Treatise on Chemistry—Roscoe and Schorlemmer.
Remsen's Inorganic Chemistry — American Science Series—Advanced Course.
Remsen's Theoretical Chemistry.
Lessons in Elementary Chemistry—Roscoe.
Remsen's Organic Chemistry.
Chemical Philosophy—J. P. Cooke.
Principles of Chemistry—Pattison Muir.
The Modern Theories of Chemistry—Lothar Meyer.
Elements of Crystallography—G. H. Williams.
A Text-Book of Mineralogy—E. S. Dana.

II.

PHYSICAL ASTRONOMY.

General Astronomy—Young—Ginn & Co., Boston.
Elements of Astronomy (an abridgement of the General Astron.)
Astronomy With an Opera Glass—Serviss—D. Appleton & Co.
The Sun—Young—D. Appleton & Co.
The Moon – Proctor—D. Appleton & Co.
History of Astronomy During the Nineteenth Century—Clerke—Adam & Charles Black, Edinburgh.
The System of the Stars—Clerke—Longmans.

III.

PHYSICS.

Elements of Physics—Ganot—Wm. Wood & Co. N. Y.
Sound—Tyndall—D. Appleton & Co.
Light—Lommel— " "
Heat a Mode of Motion—Tyndall—D. Appleton & Co.

Lessons in Electricity and Magnetism—Thompson—Macmillan.

A Century of Electricity — Mendenhall — Houghton Mifflin & Co.

The Conservation of Energy—Stewart—D. Appleton & Co.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

On Sunday morning, May 24, Rev. E. W. Donald, of New York, who was expected to preach for us, did not arrive, and the Episcopal service was read in the Chapel at the usual hour by Prof. Morgan.

* * *

Thursday evening, May 21, Miss Florence Balgarnie, of London, delegate from the Women's Trades Unions to the Women's Council, recently held in Washington, spoke to us of her work in organizing the unskilled female labor in East London. Miss Balgarnie's personality is very charming and her talk, though informal, was most interesting and to the point. She said that it was difficult for us to conceive of the poverty and degradation of the factory women of East London. They are not like the American factory women who go to work in clothes neat and clean, but are of a much lower grade. Their every day clothes are ragged and slovenly, but on Sunday they appear in elaborate and gaudy attire with "hats so superb that they baffle description." They spend many weeks' earnings on this gorgeous Sunday apparel. They have little desire for cleanliness or neatness. Their instincts are much like those of the wild Indians and in this condition they are very helpless. They are wretched, ill paid, and until very recently, in East London, were entirely unorganized. Miss Balgarnie's work in organizing them was begun in Toynbee Hall, and at first was very discouraging. These girls were slow to look upon them as real helpers. As an illustration of the inestimable value of organization, she gave the story of twelve girls employed in a confectionery factory. This candy-making, both in England and America, is almost the most ill paid of all unskilled labor. These twelve girls were organized. A few days later a heavy fine was imposed on one of them for accidentally falling and thereby causing the others to laugh. The girls appealed to Miss Balgarnie. The matter was thoroughly investigated and all sorts of arbitrary rules were found about speaking or laughing during work hours. These hours were from eight A. M. to six or seven P. M. with no free dinner hour. More than this, many fines were imposed for most trifling offenses. All these things were exposed in the Council, parliament, and by the press; and money was raised. The eight hundred girls of the factories now resolved to "stand it out" until a modification of rules was granted. They gave up work, established themselves as pickets outside the factory, and when a new employee was about to offer herself for work, warned her and appealed to her for aid. Thus they stood it out, until, after some days, the employer yielded, and seven out of eight requests for changes in rules were granted. This was not a strike for higher wages, but just treatment. The speaker then gave an illustration of the obverse, when some women, unorganized and thrown out of work, were reduced to starvation. The organizations exist also for educational purposes, and they have their various clubs as we have. Miss Balgarnie emphasized this question as the pressing question of the hour, and assured us that in America, as well, and especially in New York City, there was much to be done in helping the poor, unskilled laborer.

* * *

The reports of the committees appointed to superintend the work of the Christian Association were read at the business meeting held Thursday evening, May 21. The work of the Indian Committee has been to send a Christmas box to an Indian school in the west, and to secure a speaker upon the work among the Indians. By the Devotional Committee efficient arrangements have been made for prayermeetings on Thursday evenings and Sunday afternoons, for Lenten services, and for hearing reports from delegates whom the Association has sent to general religious meetings. Under the direction of the Committee on General Religious Work, an entertainment, of music and readings, was given at the Woman's Reformatory at Dedham; religious work has been carried on in Charles River Village through the medium of the Sabbath School and by the organization of a Christian Endeavor Society; and for the servants the recitation room known as Room X has been comfortably furnished as a parlor, in order to extend to them the pleasures of home life, and to brighten their every day lives. The plans arranged by the Temperance Committee have been carried out mainly by the students and faculty. One of the Thursday prayermeetings was devoted to "Advance in Temperance Work;" on April 13 a debate upon National Prohibition was given by Misses Emerson, Lance, Holbrook and Gage; and at one of the Sunday afternoon prayermeetings, Misses Emerson and Bracket gave reports of the Convention held in March at Weymouth. Temperance addresses have also been given by Miss Elizabeth Fessenden, and Mrs. Susan Fessenden, president of the Massachusetts Women's Christian Temperance Union. The Missionary Committee has striven to carry out its work along two lines,—to arouse interest and raise funds. For the former purpose, the following subjects have been discussed: India by Miss Bissell of '85; Work among the

Poor Whites by Miss Stephenson of Asheville, N. C.; The Student Volunteer Movement by Mr. Wilder; the work of Miss Gertrude Chandler of '79 in India; Work in Burmah by Mrs. Ingalls; New York City Missions by Miss Fanny Gregg, our city missionary; The Needs of China by Miss Cushman; The Outlook of Missionary Work in Alaska by Dr. Sheldon Jackson. Arrangements have been made for two more talks: one on the "Little Wanderer's Home," another by Dr. Gordon on the needs and outlook of missions. In addition, the recess meeting on Tuesday and one Sunday afternoon prayermeeting of each month has been devoted to missions. Funds have been raised by circulating cards, by a Japanese sale, and by subscriptions, for Miss Stephenson's work, for the support of a student at Northfield, for the building of a cottage in Sitka, Alaska, for furnishing the Chapel of the Hospital for Epileptic Children at Baldwinsville, and for the support of a home and foreign missionary. Boxes of clothing also have been contributed, to the Needlework Guild, to the sufferers from the floods in South Dakota, and to Miss Chandler's Madura School.

* * *

THE May meeting of the Microscopical and Scientific Society was held Saturday evening, May 23. The subject of the meeting was Agassiz. Miss Chambers read a paper on the life of Agassiz, and Miss Patterson one entitled "Agassiz's Work." Agassiz was proud of his chosen profession, always wishing to be known as Louis Agas iz, teacher. Agassiz held a firm belief in the immortality of animals. He was pre-eminent in making Natural History popular. A business meeting followed at which the following officers were elected:

May Stevens Patterson,	President.
Emily Elizabeth Briggs,	Vice-President.
Anna Prince Burgess,	Recording Secretary.
Louise Libby Edwards,	Corresponding Secretary.
H. Elizabeth Balch,	Treasurer.

* * *

ON Monday afternoon, May 25, '92, as hostess, extended a cordial welcome to her friends of '93, entertaining them in the gymnasium by the presentation of the clever little farce entitled "A Box of Monkeys." '92's president, Miss Stimson, received the guests at the door, greeting each with pretty daffodils of yellow and white, the colors of '93. There was a stir of excitement throughout the expectant audience, as they waited for the opening scene, looking in the meantime at the prettily decorated stage, which had been converted into the tasteful and cosey drawing room of Mrs. Ondego-Jhones. The play had been so condensed and changed as to make it perfectly suitable, and as presented was altogether satisfactory. The characters were few, thus giving to it greater finish and unity of effect, and the selection of parts was very fortunate, each being well adapted to her rôle. Mrs. Ondego-Jhones, in her admiration of rank and her horror of being disgraced by her unconventional niece, was well interpreted, and notwithstanding her peculiarities, made a charming and courteous hostess. Sierra was enthusiastically received by the audience, and proved simply irresistible. Though she "brought with her the spicy atmosphere of her native prairies," she was "gracefully awkward, artistically inartistic." By her thorough understanding of the character, and her inimitable interpretation of it, she gave to her part, a refinement and finish which it had not in the original, and won for herself great praise. Edward Ralston's part was acted very successfully as clandestine lover, as butler, and finally as rich owner of a productive gold mine. He entered into it with great spirit and utter forgetfulness of all but the character portrayed; and his conduct under the various vicissitudes and predicaments in which he unexpectedly found himself was intensely amusing. Lady Guinevere Llandpoore in her futile attempts to learn from Sierra "American fascination and slang," by her artlessness and innocence was already more fascinating than she imagined. Her part was very artistic; there was indeed nothing to criticize — it was played with so little effort, such naturalness, and simplicity. Chauncey Oglethorpe, the impecunious son of an English lord and successful suitor of Lady Guinevere, by his bashfulness and the many complications resulting from it provided the audience with the greatest amusement. The rendering of this difficult part was extremely good, for the actor entered into it with a keen appreciation of the situation and a graphic portrayal of it. Between the acts an additional treat was given us in a piano solo by Miss Charlotte Hand and a song by Miss Henderson. After lemonade and wafers, and the usual dancing, an appreciative and enthusiastic throng of girls wended their way from the gymnasium, grateful to those who had provided for the afternoon such delightful entertainment The following is the cast of characters:

Edward Ralston, a half owner of the Sierra Gold Mine, Miss Helen Cook.
Chauncey Oglethorpe, his partner, Miss Gertrude Spalding.
Mrs. Ondego-Jhones, an admirer of rank, Miss Martha McCaulley.
Sierra Bengaline, her niece, Miss Candace Stimson.
Lady Guinevere Llandpoore, a daughter of an English Earl, Miss Virginia Dodge.

* * *

MONDAY evening, May 25th, witnessed the second appearance of the College Glee and Banjo Clubs for this season, in the Town Hall of Wellesley. They were greeted by a large and appreciative audience.

No audience is ever so enthusiastic as one composed of college girls, but this one was remarked as being a very interested one. Many visitors from neighboring towns helped to make up the audience, especially from Wellesley Hills. The clubs gave, by request, essentially the same programme as was presented at the college on May 11th. It is needless to say that they sustained the enviable reputation won at their first concert. The general work of the clubs was good, and the leaders, Misses Frost and Roberts, deserve the heartiest commendation for the success achieved. The programme was opened, as usual, by the Wellesley song, "All Hail to the College Beautiful," and by its admirable rendering the club gained a hold on the audience which was retained throughout the evening. The second number, Dinah Doe, was heartily applauded and called forth, as an encore, Miss Pullen's darky melody, "You'll be an Angel by and by. The Barcarolle, "Fidelin," showed finer work and keener appreciation on the part of the club than at the first concert. Miss Foss' fresh, rich voice in "Lovely Angeline" was never heard to better advantage, and she was obliged to repeat her selection. The Banjo Club, with its inimitable leader, held the audience at every appearance, and responded with more encores than usual. "Humpty Dumpty" was well rendered and well received. It was one of the most difficult numbers on the whole programme and showed very artistic work. Miss Barker's "Serenade" was listened to with almost breathless attention and every one was bitterly disappointed when she refused to respond to the hearty applause. Her clear, sweet voice is always a delight. "The Bobolink Song" was quite taking, and "Blue Bells of Scotland" served to remind many of "ye olden times." The Medley which is always appreciated, closed the programme and sent everybody away in good humor. The clubs were the recipients of handsome bunches of carnations and mignonette. The concert was given for the benefit of the Episcopal Chapel of Wellesley, and the sum realized was about one hundred dollars.

COLLEGE NOTES.

BULLETIN.

Sunday evening May 31.—Union Prayer Meeting of the Senior Class addressed by Miss Calkins.

Monday evening, June 1.—Concert in the Chapel by the Students of the School of Music.

Tuesday evening, June 2.—Lecture by Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie. Subject: "Personality in Literature."

Wednesday afternoon, June 3, at 3.10 P. M.—Second Lecture by Mr. Mabie. Subject: "Sources of Literature."

Thursday evening, June 4.—Address by the Superintendent of the "Little Wanderers' Home," of Boston, and singing by the "Little Wanderers."

Friday, June 5.—Tree Day. Exercises on the Campus at 2.00 P. M. Informal Tea for the Several Classes at 6.00 P. M.

Saturday evening, June 6.—Regular Meeting of the Shakespeare Society.

Sunday morning, June 7.—Service in the Chapel led by Rev. N. G. Clark, of Boston.

Miss Rosa Dean, '90, spent last Sunday with Miss Laura Jones, at Freeman.

Mrs. Helen Ford Keith, and Miss Belle Thomson, formerly special students at Wellesley, visited the college last Monday.

Rev. William F. Broad, superintendent of the home missionary churches and schools of the state of Kansas, visited the college last week, to become acquainted with its methods of work. Mr. D. B. Perry, of Doane College at Crete, Nebraska, and Rev. F. L. Ferguson, of Chadron Academy, Nebraska, also visited it.

In the bulletin of last week, the regular meeting of the Art Society and of Phi Sigma should have been announced for May 30, instead of the regular meeting of the Shakespeare Society and of Phi Sigma.

The matches yet to be played in the tennis tournament were misstated in the last number of the PRELUDE. They are as follows:—for championship in singles, Miss Carter, '91, winner of the first prize, against Miss Bailey, '91, the present champion; for championship in doubles, Miss Bailey, '91, and Miss Wilkinson, '92, winners of the first prize, against Miss Parker, '91, and Miss Thayer, '92, the present champions. The second prize singles are also to be played.

The Beethoven Society held a meeting on Wednesday, May 20, at which they elected the following officers for next year:—

President,	Miss Dora B. Emerson, '92.
Vice President,	Miss Louise Sheldon, Mus.
Recording Secretary,	Miss Adelaide Miller, '94.

The other officers were not chosen at this meeting.

Miss Balgarnie, who addressed the college on Thursday evening of last week on the subject of "Women's Trades Unions," spent several days at Wood Cottage. On Thursday afternoon a reception was given her in the Faculty Parlor by Dr. Webster. Several guests from out of town were present at the reception.

The photographs of the Shakespeare play, "Love's Labour's Lost," have turned out very well. The background of trees and foliage by Longfellow's Pond adds a great deal to their effectiveness. There are six groups in all, including all the characters in the play.

Every class has received an invitation to informal tea at six o'clock on Tree Day afternoon. Mrs. Newman has invited the Seniors to Norumbega; Miss Dennison has invited the Juniors to Freeman; Miss Stratton has invited the Sophomores to Stone Hall; Miss Whiting has invited the Freshmen to College Hall; Mrs. Hurd has invited the Specials to Norumbega. It is suggested that all the students meet on the south porch of College Hall at half past seven o'clock, to sing college song, instead of the regulation Tree Day reception.

At the kind invitation of Professor Pickering of the Harvard Observatory, Miss Whiting, with six members of her class in Physical Astronomy, went to Cambridge on Monday, May 18. A very interesting hour was spent in going over the different buildings, under the direction of Professor Pickering and Mrs. Fleming, one of the assistants, and in seeing the wonderful instruments and the inward workings of the great observatory.

The Domestic Economy Class has for the last month been doing laboratory work. The laboratory is at the east end of the fifth floor. Cooking is done there with a Bunsen burner and an evaporator. Beans, meats, eggs and potatoes, fish and rice, are cooked in a scientific way. Baking powders, sugar, vinegar and cinnamon are analyzed, and bread is tested for alum. Four periods a week are given up to the experiments, and two class-room appointments a week are omitted to make time for this work.

The officers of the Christian Association for the coming year are as follows:—

President,	Miss Laura A. Jones.
First Vice President,	Miss Harriet Gage, '92.
Second Vice President (chairman of the temperance committee,)	Miss Frances Lance, '92.
Third Vice-President (chairman of the missionary committee,)	Miss Edith Long, '92.
Fourth Vice President (chairman of the committee for general religious work,)	Miss Kate Ward, '92.
Recording Secretary,	Miss Martha Goddard, '92.
Corresponding Secretary,	Miss Flora Randolph, '92.
Treasurer,	Miss Martha Wilcox, '93.

The chairmen of the other committees, the reception committee, the Indian committee and the devotional committee, will be appointed by the board.

On Monday evening, May 18, a meeting of fifty-four Scandinavian Societies was held in Boston, to celebrate the anniversary of their National Independence Day. The meeting was made especially complimentary to Professor Horsford, in recognition of his efforts to substantiate the statement of the Sagas in reference to the landing of Leif Erikson, Thorfinn, and their companions, on the shores of Massachusetts, and their settlement in and about the present territory of Boston, nine hundred years ago. The exercises were arranged with this purpose in view, and, after several addresses, a testimonial signed by nearly all the Norwegian Societies in America was presented to Professor Horsford, in token of the debt of gratitude owed him for his labors in behalf of their national glory.

On Thursday afternoon, May 21, the Glee Club sang in Boston, at the invitation of the Students Aid Association, through its treasurer, Mrs. Durant. The association, which had not held a regular meeting for three years, met on that afternoon at Association Hall, and the Glee Club was asked to furnish the music. The reports of the treasurer and secretary were read at the meeting, and addresses were made by Mrs. Palmer and Dr. Brooks. Mrs. Palmer spoke on the work and progress of the society. $13,000 has been distributed to students during the past year. $135,552 has been expended by the association since its formation. $43,458 of this has been loaned to students, and $15,773, more than one third of the amount loaned, has been already repaid. $150,000 is held in trust by the college to help in giving girls a college education. Mrs. Palmer spoke of the great need of the work which the society is doing, and its complete success. Taking into consideration the small salaries of most of the girls who teach after leaving college, their payment already of as much as one third of the amount loaned is a record to be proud of. Dr. Brooks spoke also of the work of the association, of the fine opportunity for giving which it affords to every man. To educate the American people is the principle of American life, and that is the principle of the Students Aid Association. The Songs of the Glee Club were, "All Hail to the College Beautiful," "Ebb and Flow," a waltz song by King; "Lullabye," by Brahms; and "The Blue Bells of Scotland," which was vigorously encored, and the Wellesley Medley sung in response. All the music was heartily applauded, and added not a little to the enjoyment of the meeting.

Any Wellesley girls who think of going abroad this summer may be interested in the following notice: Two vacant berths in a Wellesley party are open to Wellesley students. The party will sail for London on July 30. Winter rates may be obtained,—about $25 cheaper than the summer rates, which last up to July 30. The two vacant berths are in a state-room for four on the steamer "Normannia," of the Hamburg American Lines. Those who desire further information may communicate with Miss Hattie B. Weaver, Box 79, Danielsonville, Ct.

AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

Some of the Alumnæ may be interested in learning that Washington Seminary, Atlanta, Ga., is offered for sale. Satisfactory terms of payment are promised, and the hope is expressed that the school may become "a special feeder to Wellesley." For further information address Mrs. Baylor Stewart, 50 Walton St., Atlanta, or Mrs Sarah Woodman Paul, Wellesley College.

Members of the earliest College classes will be interested to know that a portrait of Miss Howard, our first president, will be presented to the College in June. The artist selected to paint the portrait is Mr. Edmund C. Tarbell, who is well known in artistic circles in Boston, and whose pictures have recently attracted much attention and commendation at the National Academy in New York.

BORN.

In Denver, Col., April 27, a son to Mrs. Ellen Traversee Patterson, '89.

OUR EXCHANGES.

Fragment.

Low by a meadow wall,
Mossy all over,
Barring an ocean-wide
Body of clover,
Lay a young brook asleep,
In a dream gliding;
Over his smooth face sweep
Long-trailing grasses,
Kissing and hiding,
Lest while he passes
They by their touches
Rouse him to chiding.

Wesleyan Argus.

From my Window.

Pretty little maiden just across the way,
Why are you so saucy, can you tell me pray?
I see you move your fingers upward to your lips,
Ah, those lucky, happy, pretty finger tips.
One eye you close so slyly, and mouth so full of grace
Is twisted with all roguishness half across your face;
Then you take your fingers from your pretty lips,
And point them towards me—darling finger tips.

Pretty little maiden, I've an opera glass,
Now I'll watch you closely—roguish little lass.
But ah, I'm doomed to sorrow now I see you near,
For they are not kisses, throws the little dear.
And my heart so loving, you don't strive to wheedle;
Just as all girls do it, you merely thread your needle.

Cornell Era.

A Humble Romance.

Her ways were rather frightened, and she wasn't much to see,
She wasn't good at small talk or quick at repartee,
Her gown was somewhat lacking in the proper cut and tone,
And it wasn't difficult to see she'd made it all alone.
So the gay young men whose notice would have filled her with delight
Paid very small attention to the little girl in white.

He couldn't talk the theatre, for he hadn't time to go,
And, though he knew that hay was high, and butter rather low,
He couldn't say the airy things that other men rehearse,
While his waltzing was so rusty that he didn't dare reverse.
The beauties whom he sighed for were most frigidly polite,
So perforce he came and sat beside the little girl in white.

She soon forgot her envy of the glittering *beau monde*,
For their common love of horses proved a sympathetic bond.
She told him all about the farm, and how she came to town,
And showed the honest little heart beneath the home-made gown.
A humble tale, you say—and yet he blesses now the night
When first he came and sat beside the little girl in white.

Vassar Miscellany.

INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS.

The graduating class of Cornell have voted $500 for a student ward in the Ithaca Hospital, which is to be known as the '91 Memorial Ward.

According to the decision of the court Vassar College will receive about $450,000 from the John Guy Vassar estate.

A Japanese woman at Bryn Mawr College is raising a fund to educate women in the United States for teaching in Japan.

A new illustrated volume has recently been published entitled "Cornell University, Her General and Technical Courses." It is said to give a good idea of the work done at Cornell.—*Ex.*

A NEW dormitory is to be built at Yale by the owners of the Scroll and Key secret society building.—*Ex.*

THE annual report of President Dwight, just made public, shows the various gifts and bequests made to Yale University to be $1,151,272, a greater amount than in any previous year of the college history.

THERE will enter the class of '94 at Princeton, next fall, a gentleman fifty-three years of age. During the civil war he was in his Sophomore year, and then volunteered. He now intends to return and complete his course.—*Ex.*

PLANS have been accepted by the trustees of Cornell University for the new law school building, which is to be erected during the coming year. It will be built of the same material as the library building, and will connect with it by a series of archways. The building will contain three large lecture rooms and many smaller rooms for the several professors. The main library has space capable of holding 26,400 volumes.
—*Mail and Express.*

WABAN RIPPLES.

SOPHOMORE: (thoughtfully to Freshman) "You, little Freshman, think you know a great deal more than you do while I've no doubt I know a great deal more than I think I do."

CASE I AND CASE II.

FRIEND: "That cripple is one of the greatest sufferers I know; one leg is shorter than the other."
COMPANION: (eying him meditatively, much to his friend's embarrassment) "I am trying to think how it would be if one leg were *longer* than the other."

A GOOD MEMORY.

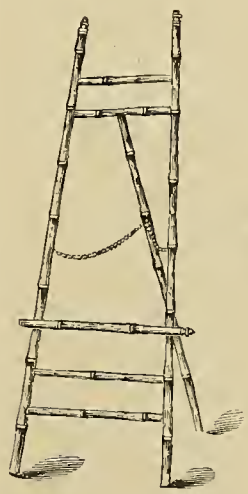
FRESHMAN: (returning from a dance in the Gym.) "Oh dear! I am *so* thirsty, do remind me of it when we go by the water-tank."

SHE STUDIED PEOPLE.

INSTRUCTOR: (examining candidates for admission to college) "What is the difference between a planet and a fixed star?"
ANSWER: "One has people on it and the other has not people on it."

A LAST WORD.

WRITTEN on the morning of Trig. examination June 1890, by a member of '93 to her room-mate:
"Should you not find me here, on your return from Math., do not look for me. Please write to my mother and tell her that I was precipitated headlong into the Depths of Despair, by that monster, Mathematics. And should there be a change in my mind as it passes from zero to infinity, I only hope that I may not be a sine of a failure in a circle whose circumference equals Wellesley College. Should you be so unfortunate as to be a cosine, we may perhaps meet in an intangible condition. Bnt it is to be hoped that our Professor may not be the secant that cuts off our tangibility. I leave to my friends all the mathematical ability I possess and trust they will cherish it tenderly."



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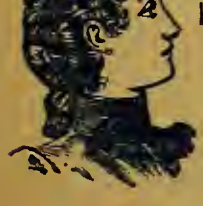

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